1600/1402.

BENEFICIAL EFFECTS OF INOCULATION.

——— ——— *Quibus hunc lenire dolorem*
Poſſis, et magnam MORBI *deponere partem.*

LONG had bewail'd Arabia's hapleſs ſwains,
Their groves deſerted, and uncultur'd plains;
Thoſe happy plains, where beauties ever gay
Proclaim'd the preſence of perpetual May,
Where in her choiceſt treaſures bright array'd
Luxuriant Nature every charm diſplay'd,
With giant ſtrides a ghaſtly *Plague* * o'erſpread,
And breath'd deſtruction on each fated head.

* Small Pox.

His motley front uprear'd the deadly Peſt,
And ſhook with horrid pride his purpled creſt,
The ſcorching ſands of Afric gave him birth;
Thence ſprang the Fiend, and ſcourg'd th' afflicted earth;
Fiend fierce as this, ne'er ſaw aſtoniſh'd Time
Creep from old Nilus' monſter-teeming ſlime;
Each ſwarthy nation felt the Tyrant's force,
Nor tears, nor vows could ſtop his deſtin'd courſe;
In vain they ſung their mighty Prophet's name,
To Mecca's hallow'd walls the Monſter came;
E'en in the ſacred temple's inmoſt cell,
Check'd in mid pray'r the pious pilgrim fell,
Nor could Medina's fabled tomb withſtand
The vengeful fury of his death-fraught hand.
Thoſe balmy gales, that whilom could diſpenſe
A thouſand odours to the raviſh'd ſenſe,
With fragrant coolneſs pleaſing now no more,
Spread through the tainted ſky their deadly ſtore;
With anxious fear the fainting mother preſs'd
The ſmiling babe to her envenom'd breaſt;
The ſmiling babe, unconſcious of his fate,
Imbib'd with greedy joy the baneful treat.
Oft as the ſwain beneath the citron ſhade
Pour'd his ſoft paſſion to the liſt'ning maid,

Infection's

Infection's poiſon hung on every breath
And each perſuaſive ſigh was charg'd with death.
Blind Superſtition with the Fiend conſpir'd,
Increas'd his conqueſts and his fury fir'd;
" My ſons, ſhe cry'd, with patient boldneſs wait
" The fix'd, predeſtin'd laws of rigid Fate,
" Nor Heav'n's juſt vengeance to oppoſe preſume,
" But each in ſilent reverence meet his doom."
Thus drunk with conqueſt, larger ſtill he grew,
And gather'd tenfold fury as he flew;
Arm'd with the ſhafts of fate in ireful mood
He paſs'd Euphrates' far-reſounding flood;
From Schiraz' walls to ſnow-clad Taurus' height,
Deſponding Perſia groan'd beneath his weight;
In vain to heav'n her ſacred flames aſcend,
On with reſiſtleſs fury ruſh'd the Fiend,
In vain was *Mithras* call'd his wrath to 'ſwage,
The blazing God increas'd the Monſter's rage.
As when his empire ſultry Cancer gains,
The ſcorching whirlwinds ſcour along the plains,
The ſtately tamariſk and graceful pine
Shrink from the blaſt and all their charms reſign,
The bright anana's gaudy bloom is fled,
The ſick'ning orange bows her languid head;

So ſpread deſtruction at the Tyrant's nod,
And Beauty's bloſſom wither'd where he trod;
The God of Love in ſilent anguiſh broke
His blunted arrows, and his uſeleſs yoke,
Aſide, for grief, he flung his looſen'd bow,
And trembling fled before th' impetuous foe.
Cloy'd with the luſcious banquets of the Eaſt,
In Europe's climes he ſought a nobler feaſt;
Here as he reſted on the ſea-girt ſhore
To plan freſh conqueſts and new coaſts explore,
From Ocean's waves he ſaw Britannia riſe,
Her beauteous luſtre ſtruck his raviſh'd eyes,
Pleas'd with a ſmile he view'd thoſe heav'nly ſpoils,
The laſt, beſt guerdon of his ſavage toils;
He came; and Rapine mark'd the Fury's way;
Sad was the ſcene, for Beauty was the prey.
Remorſeleſs Tyrant! ſee that alter'd face
Which beam'd e'er while with each cœleſtial grace;
With gloomy frowns, and furrow'd ſeems o'erſpread,
And every ſmile, and every charm is fled!
Thoſe ſparkling eyes! on whoſe life-kindling blaze
Th' enraptur'd ſwain for ever lov'd to gaze,
Now he beholds obſcur'd in putrid night,
And turns with horror from the loathſome ſight.

From

From bleak Plinlimmon's ſtar-encircled brow
With grief Britannia view'd her country's woe,
Her ſea-green robes ſhe tore and faded crown,
And caſt in rage her oaken ſcepter down.
" Are theſe the bleſt and envy'd plains, ſhe cry'd,
" Where Mirth and Pleaſure, ever young, preſide?
" Where by the fountain's brink, the penſive ſwains,
" With notes alternate, ſooth their mutual pains?
" Huſh'd are thoſe ſounds that warbled through the grove,
" The artleſs ſtrains of liberty and love,
" Now chang'd to frantic notes of wild deſpair,
" Which fill with piercing ſhrieks the frighted air:
" Ah! luckleſs Iſle! to whom too bounteous heav'n
" Her ſweeteſt ſtores and choiceſt boon has giv'n,
" Which, like the bluſhing vi'let's rich perfume,
" But tempt ſome ruffian hand to crop their bloom."
Thus in ſoft ſtrains complain'd the ſorrowing queen,
And view'd, with tear-ſwoln eyes, the diſmal ſcene;
When pierc'd with grief at ſad Britannia's woes
Her country's champion *Montague* aroſe;
Pure patriot zeal her every thought inſpir'd,
Glow'd on her cheek, and all her boſom fir'd;
She ſaw the Fury rage without controul,
And juſt revenge enflam'd her gen'rous ſoul;

Full

Lady Mary Wortley Montag

Full well ſhe knew when Beauty's charms decay'd,
Britannia's drooping laurels ſoon muſt fade:
Beauty the gods beſtow'd with liberal hand
To grace, to cheriſh, to protect the land;
Chear'd by the warmth of her inſpiring flame
'Gan infant Valour firſt his lance to aim,
But ſcorn'd, like Eaſtern ſwains, in ſoftning eaſe
Lur'd by her ſmiles to paſs his liſtleſs days;
Thirſty of fame, Britannia's ſons abhor'd
For ſordid gain to draw the venal ſword;
But Beauty's charms could every Fear beguile,
They fell triumphant, when ſhe deign'd to ſmile;
The dauntleſs heroine 'gainſt her country's foe
Uproſe with ſpeed to ward th' impending blow;
INOCULATION, heav'n-inſtructed maid,
She woo'd from Turkey's ſhores to Britain's aid.
To Albion's ſons the beauteous Nymph appear'd,
Her lenient ſmiles their drooping ſorrows chear'd,
Fair was her veſt, and in her fairer hand
She bore, cœleſtial gift, an ebon wand;
" Weep not, ſhe cry'd, 'tis mine with ſoothing balm
" The Fiend to ſoften, and his fury calm.
" See! where I fly the dreaded foe to meet
" And lay the vanquiſh'd Tyrant at my feet;

" Soon

" Soon ſhall his wings, the bird of peace expand,
" And ſcatter comfort o'er the ſmiling land :
" Again ſhall Health with Mirth united rove,
" Again ſhall Beauty light the torch of Love."
She ſpake, and quickly through the yielding air,
Swift as a meteor ſhot the lovely Fair ;
Through the ſad plains her friendly courſe ſhe ſped,
And wav'd her enſign o'er the Monſter's head ;
He felt its force, and ſtruck with ſudden fear,
Feeble, he halted in his mid career :
With ſtedfaſt eye the virgin form ſurvey'd,
While pale Surpriſe his lifted ſabre ſtay'd ;
Weak and more weak the conſcious Fury grew,
His tow'ring bulk contracted to the view.
Thus as of old in Merlin's magic reign,
When mighty Paynims ravag'd ev'ry plain,
Haply at ſight of ſome ſuperior charm
The pond'rous club forſook their weaken'd arm,
Through their chill'd veins a ſhiv'ring horror ran,
And the ſtern giant ſhrunk into the man.
" Heneeforth, fall'n Tyrant, cry'd the Nymph, no more
" Thwart with malignant aim my ſov'reign pow'r ;
" Let now no more thy touch profane defile
" The ſacred beauties of Britannia's Iſle,

" By

" By me protected, ſhall they now deride
" Thy fruitleſs efforts and thy vanquiſh'd pride;
" Sacred to me, near Thames's level mead
" A vaulted dome rears high its rev'rend head:
" The ſons of Albion bade the ſtructure riſe
" With ſplendid top aſpiring to the ſkies;
" There meek Benevolence before the gate,
" And ſoft-ey'd Pity, lovely ſiſters, wait;
" With open arms the ſacred virgins ſtand
" To free the victim from thy ruthleſs hand.

" Fly then, curſt exile, to ſome deſert coaſt,
" There wail thine honours, and thine empire loſt;
" For now ſecur'd by ev'ry pow'r divine,
" Britannia, miſtreſs of the world, ſhall mine;
" With joy and victory for ever crown'd,
" Alike for Beauty as for Arms renown'd."

Smale Pox Hospital W. L. 1772.

THE END.

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 AUG 79

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WL or Benefits